

HIT COMICS

MAY
No.52

10¢



UNCLE
TOM'S
CABIN

KID
ETERNITY
calls
heroes
out of
the
PAST





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

QUALITY

NOW GIVES YOU

BLACKHAWK

DOLL MAN

PLASTIC MAN

CANDY

and

KID ETERNITY

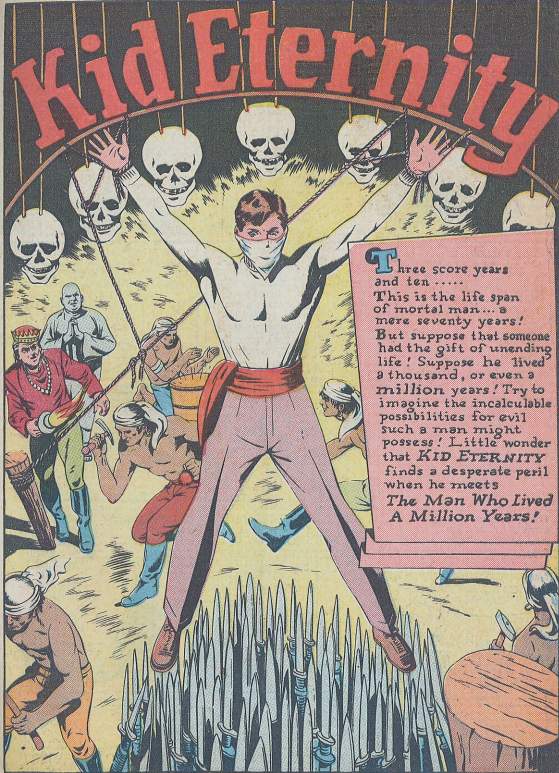
EVERY OTHER MONTH

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

ONLY
10¢

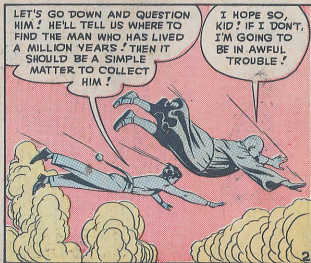
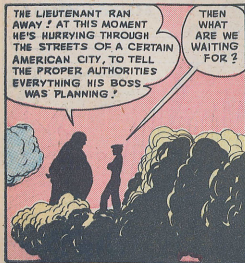
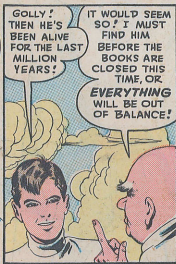
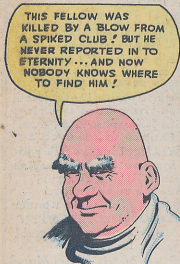
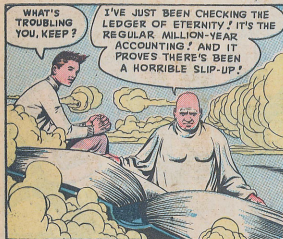
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Kid Eternity

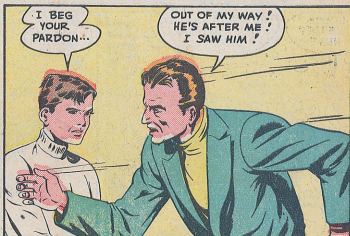
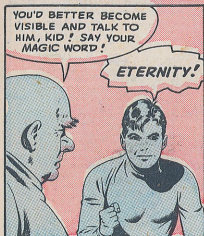
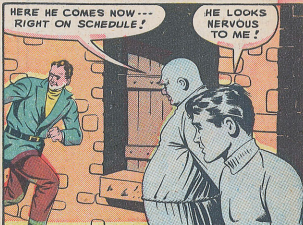
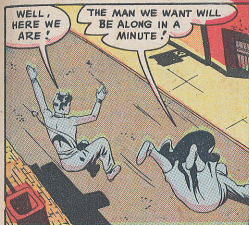


Three score years and ten
This is the life span of mortal man... a mere seventy years!
But suppose that someone had the gift of unending life! Suppose he lived a thousand, or even a million years! Try to imagine the incalculable possibilities for evil such a man might possess! Little wonder that **KID ETERNITY** finds a desperate peril when he meets
The Man Who Lived A Million Years!

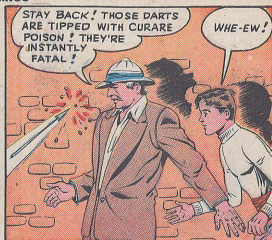
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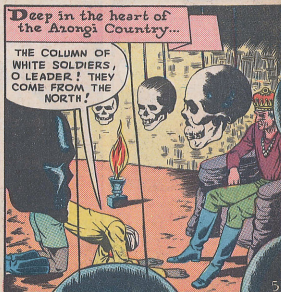
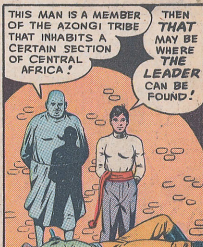
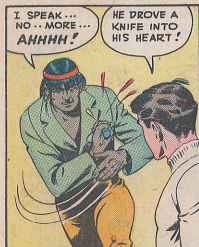
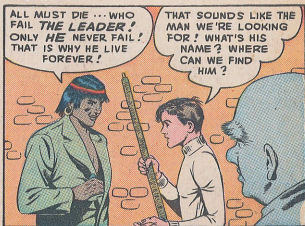


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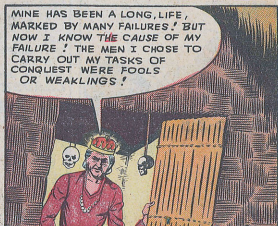
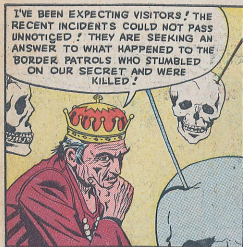


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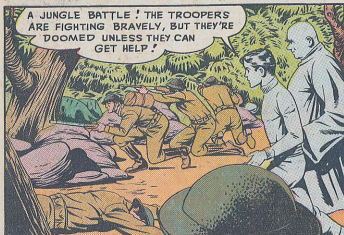
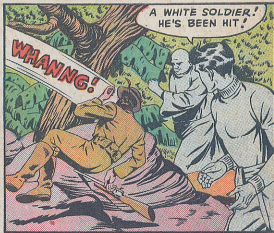
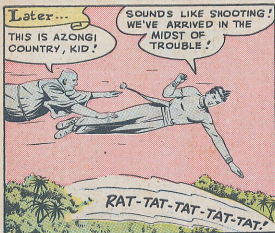




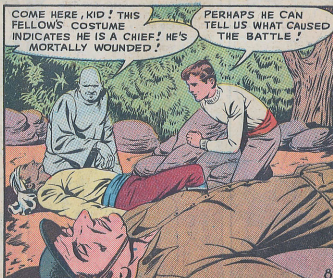
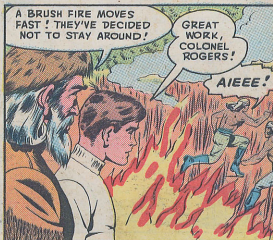
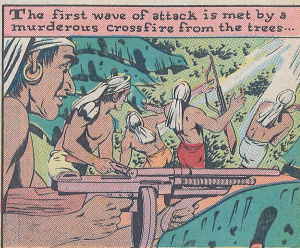
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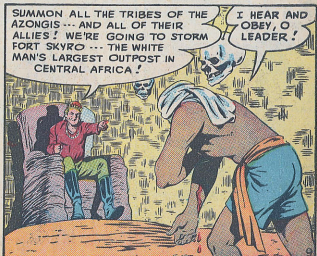
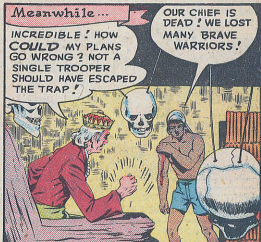
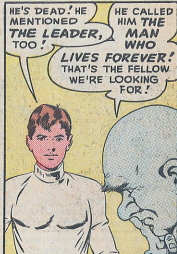
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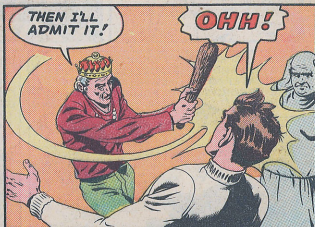
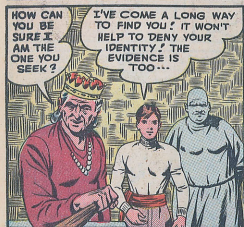
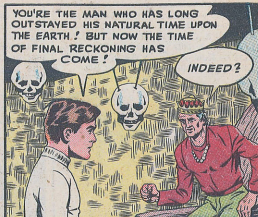
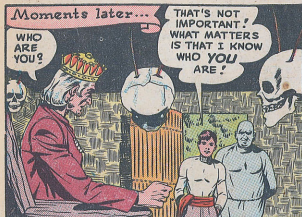


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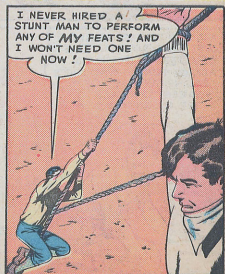
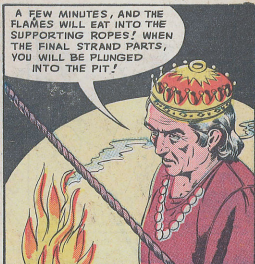
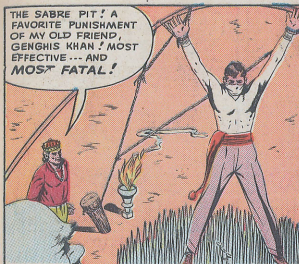


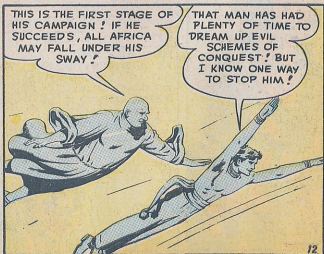
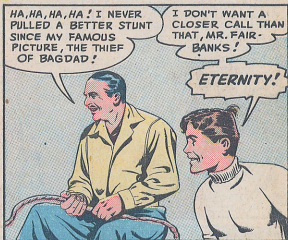
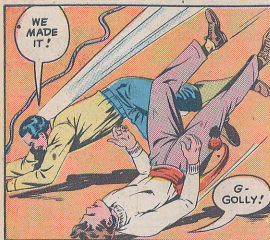
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HIT COMICS





HIT COMICS

A few miles from Fort Skyro, Kid Eternity locates the enemy camp....

YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

SO YOU ESCAPED MY TRAP, EH?

I'M GLAD! IT WILL GIVE ME THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU MYSELF!

THERE'S ANOTHER BATTLE YOU LEFT SLIGHTLY UNFINISHED!

ETERNITY!

THIS MAN KILLED YOU ONCE BEFORE, A MILLION YEARS AGO! A TRICK OF FATE SPARED YOU THEN! BUT HE'D LIKE TO TRY THE JOB AGAIN!

NO!

I'VE COME TOO FAR SINCE THEN! NO MERE BRUTE IS MY MASTER NOW!

ARGHH!

YAAA!

CRASSHH!

YOU KILLED HIM TWICE, A MILLION YEARS APART! BUT THIS TIME HE'LL STAY DEAD, MR. CAVEMAN... THROUGH ALL **ETERNITY!**

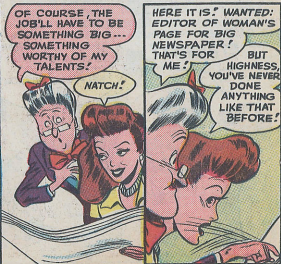
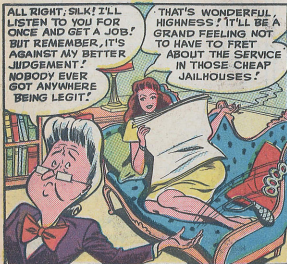
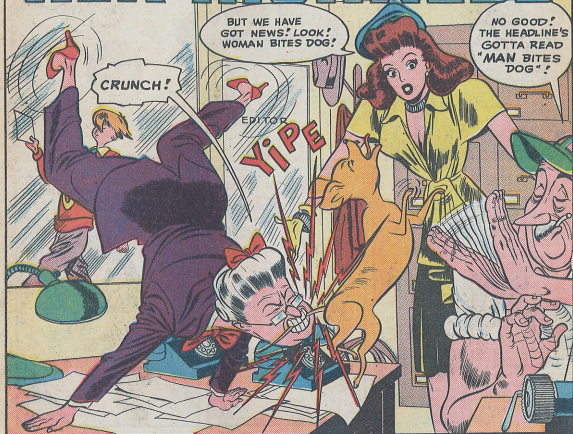
HIS FOLLOWERS WON'T MAKE ANY MORE TROUBLE EITHER! THEIR INVINCIBLE LEADER IS A CORPSE --- AND THEY'RE HELPLESS WITHOUT HIM!

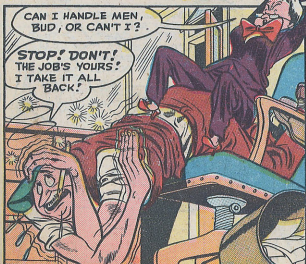
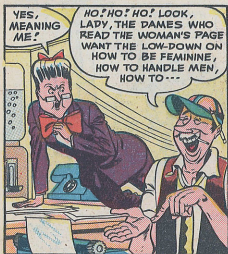
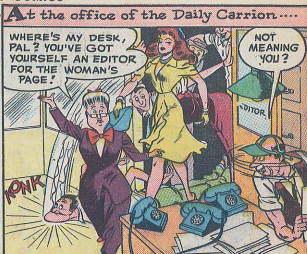
Later... in Eternity...

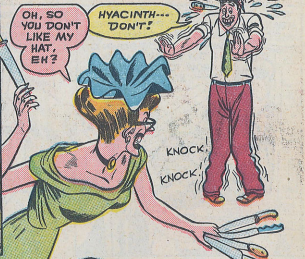
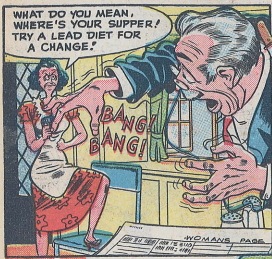
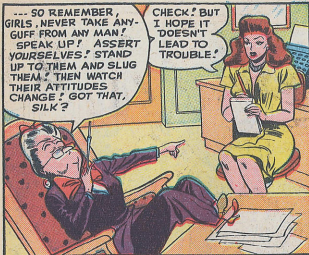
YOU SAVED ME A LOT OF TROUBLE, KID! I HOPE SOMEDAY I CAN REPAY YOU!

MAYBE THE WORLD WILL BE A MORE PEACEFUL PLACE TO LIVE IN FROM NOW ON, KEEP! AT LEAST FOR ANOTHER MILLION YEARS!

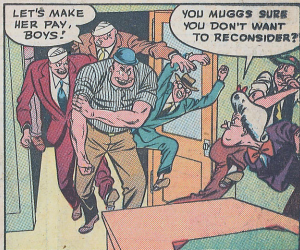
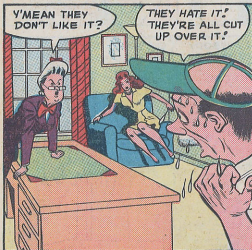
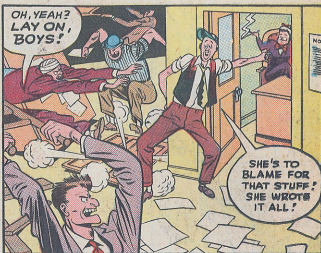
HER HIGHNESS







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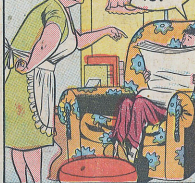
TAKE DICTATION, SILK!
GIRLS, WE'VE REALLY
GOT 'EM LICKED NOW!
THERE ISN'T AN OUNCE
OF FIGHT LEFT IN 'EM!



But as the days drag by...

EDGAR, YOU
HAVEN'T SAID
A WORD ALL
NIGHT!

BUT I WAS
AFRAID TO, MY
DEAR! YOU TOLD
ME TO SPEAK
ONLY WHEN I
WAS SPOKEN
TO!



JASPER,
AREN'T YOU
EVER GOING
TO KISS ME
AGAIN?

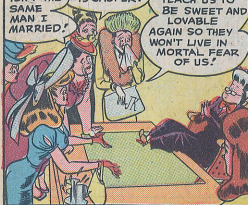
B-BUT YOU
SAID HERE-
AFTER YOU
WOULD MAKE
ALL THE
DECISIONS!



EDGAR
ISN'T THE
SAME
MAN I
MARRIED!

NEITHER
IS JASPER!

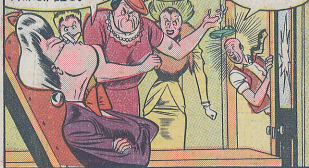
YOU'VE GOT TO
TEACH US TO-
BE SWEET AND
LOVABLE
AGAIN SO THEY
WON'T LIVE IN
MORTAL FEAR
OF US!



ME TEACH ANYBODY
TO BEHAVE THAT WAY
TO MEN? NEVER!
IT'S AGAINST MY
PRINCIPLES!

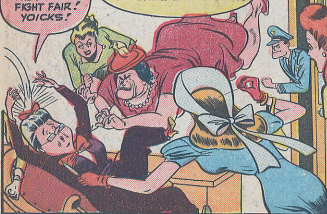
OH, YEAH?
LET'S CHANGE
HER MIND,
GIRLS!

THERE THEY
GO AGAIN!
I'D BETTER
GET THE COPS
THIS TIME!



DAMES?
PHOOEY!
THEY DON'T
FIGHT FAIR!
YOICKS!

HIGHNESS! THE COPS!
WE'RE ABOUT TO LIVE A
NORMAL LIFE AGAIN!



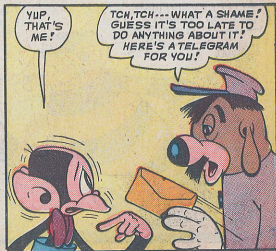
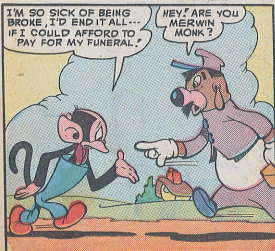
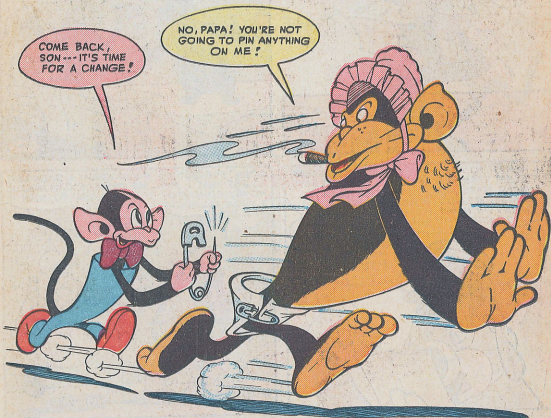
I TOLD YOU NOBODY
EVER GOT ANYPLACE
BEING LEGIT!
IMAGINE BEING
PUNISHED FOR
STARTING A RIOT
INSTEAD OF A
RACKET!

AND FOR A
PRINCIPLE,
TOO! WE
DIDN'T EVEN
STAND TO MAKE
A PROFIT!

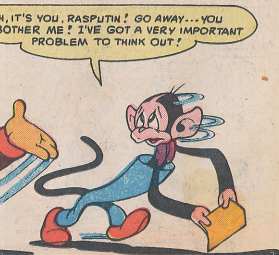
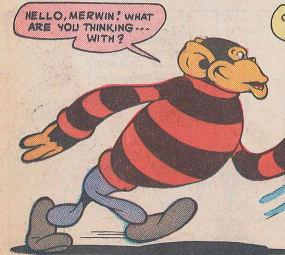
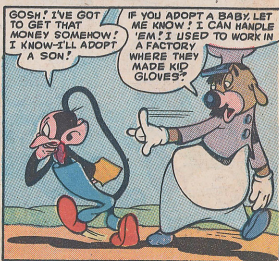
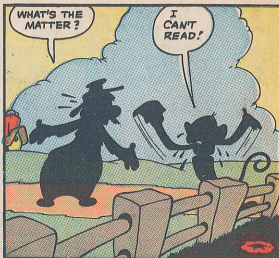


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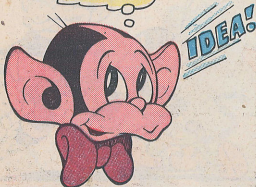
RASPUTIN *and* MERWIN



HIT COMICS

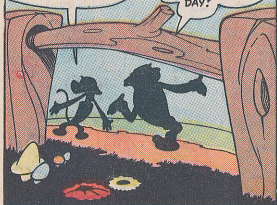


WAIT! I'LL ADOPT RASPUTIN! HE'LL BE NO TROUBLE, AND I CAN GET RID OF HIM AS SOON AS I GET THE MONEY! BUT I'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM FROM FINDING OUT ABOUT THE DOUGH OR HE'LL WANT A PIECE OF IT!



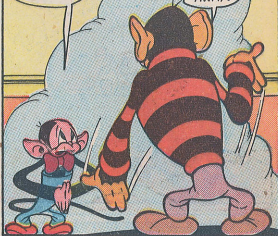
OH, WOE IS THEE! NO FATHER, NO MOTHER--- DON'T YOU FEEL SAD ON MOTHER'S DAY!

YES, I DO! IF I HAD A MOTHER, I'D SEND HER A BIG PACKAGE ON MOTHER'S DAY!



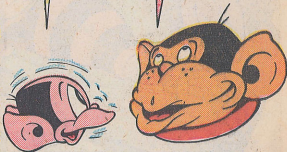
RASPUTIN, MY POOR BOY--- DO YOU HAVE PARENTS?

NOPE! I WAS A BOTTLE BABY UNTIL I WAS TEN--- THEN I KICKED OUT THE CORK AND RAN AWAY!



STOUT FELLA!

--- AND SHE'D SEND IT BACK.. ALL WASHED AND IRONED!

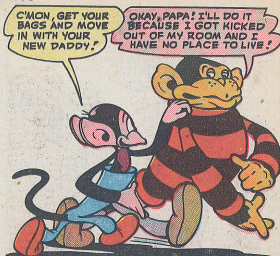
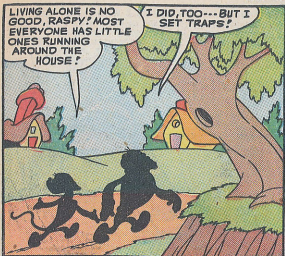


MY BOY, I'M GONNA CHANGE ALL THAT! I'M GONNA ADOPT YOU! EVERY YOUNGSTER NEEDS SOME- ONE TO GO TO FOR ADVICE!

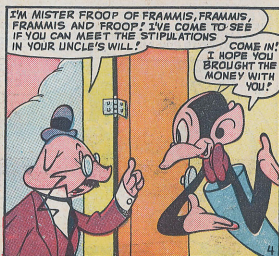
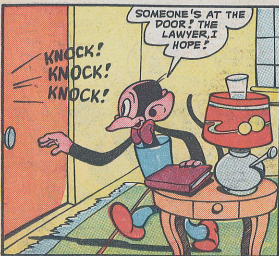
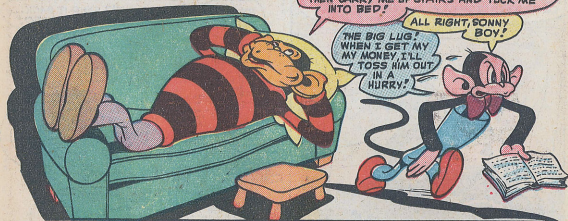
YOUNGSTER? ARE YOU CRAZY OR SOMETHING? I'M YEARS OLDER THAN YOU!

SO... I'LL COME TO YOU FOR ADVICE!

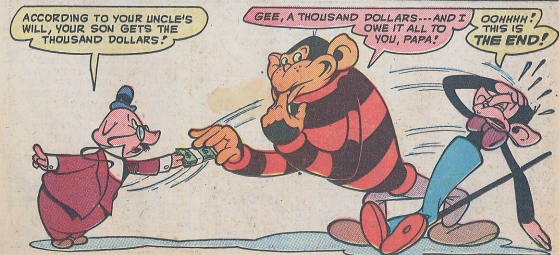
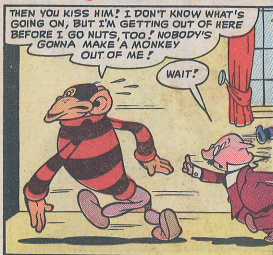
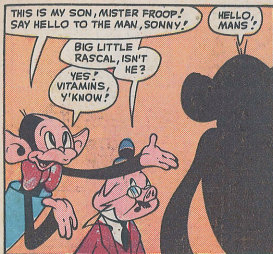




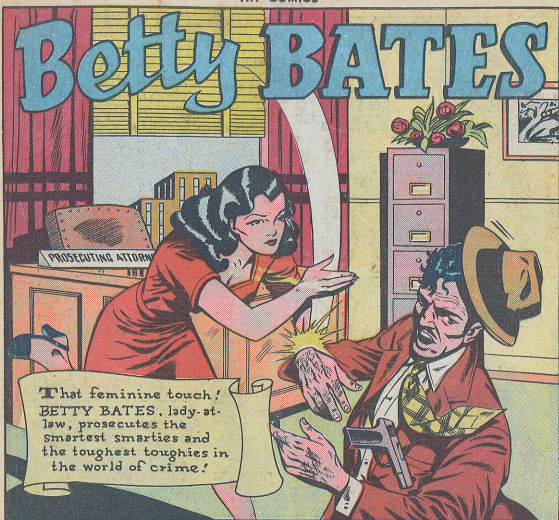
Sometime later, at Merwin's home...



HIT COMICS



Betty BATES



That feminine touch!
BETTY BATES, lady-at-law, prosecutes the smartest smarties and the toughest toughies in the world of crime!



I'VE SAID IT OVER AND OVER, LARRY... NOTHING MEN DO CAN'T BE DONE JUST AS WELL BY WOMEN!

HOW ABOUT GROWING WHISKERS, BETTY?

ONLY A ROWDY REPORTER WOULD COME IN HERE LOOKING LIKE A TRAMP... OR VICE VERSA! GO GET A SHAVE, LARRY! I'M GOING INTO PRIVATE CONFERENCE WITH THIS GENTLEMAN!

G-GENTLEMAN?

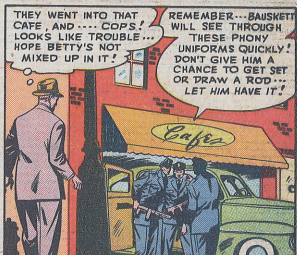
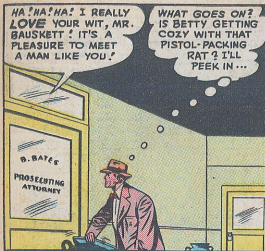


Once in the corridor, Larry grabs a telephone and calls his paper...

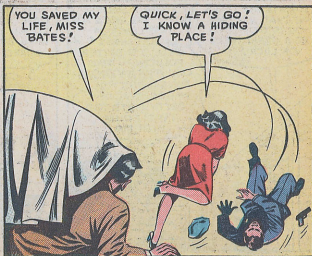
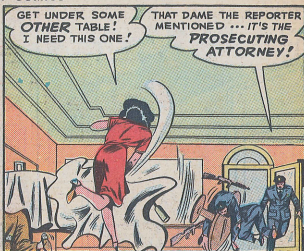
I SWEAR IT'S TRUE, CHIEF... IT'S BURLY BAUSKETT, THE LONG-LOST MOBSTER ALL AMERICA'S COPS HAVE BEEN HUNTING FOR YEARS! I'LL BET HE DROPPED INTO THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE TO GIVE HIMSELF UP. BETTER GO EXTRA... I'LL HANG AROUND AND GET MORE DOPE!



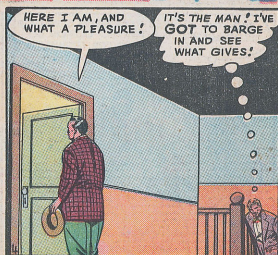
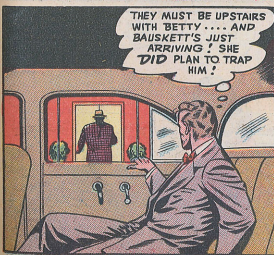
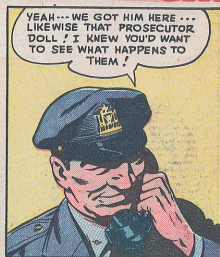
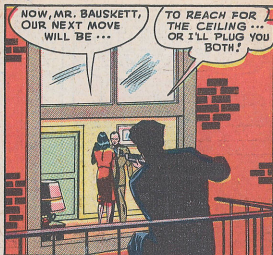
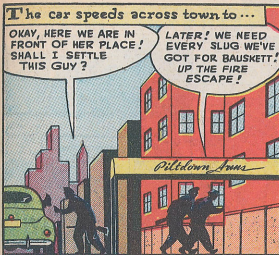
HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS



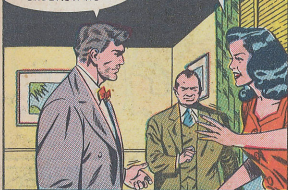
HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS

FIRST YOU START DATING BURLY BAUSKETT... THEN THESE COPS TURN KILLERS! I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

THEN BE QUIET AND LET ME EXPLAIN!



THIS ISN'T BURLY BAUSKETT... BUT HIS DISTANT COUSIN, FELIX BAUSKETT! BURLY HAD A PLASTIC SURGEON MAKE THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THEM PERFECT!

YEAH, THEN HE FORCED ME TO IMPERSONATE HIM TO SET UP ALIBIS! LATELY HE PLANNED TO FRAME ME INTO GOING TO PRISON INSTEAD OF HIM!



SO I WENT TO MISS BATES TO HELP HER CATCH 'BURLY.'

AND THESE MEN YOU THOUGHT WERE POLICE WERE BURLY'S MOB-STERS TRYING TO STOP US! I'LL CALL THE WAGON... IT'LL BE HERE TO GET THEM RIGHT AWAY!



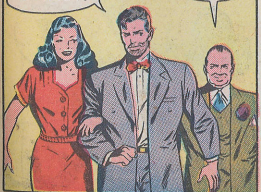
WITH BURLY PUT AWAY, I CAN SHOW MY FACE AROUND! HOW ABOUT SHOWING YOURS ALONG WITH ME, MISS BATES?

HOLD IT, BUB... I SAW BETTY FIRST!



SHE'S GOING OUT, ALL RIGHT... BUT WITH LARRY, THE ROMANTIC REPORTER!

OKAY, I GIVE UP! AND THANKS, MISS BATES, FOR YOUR HELP!

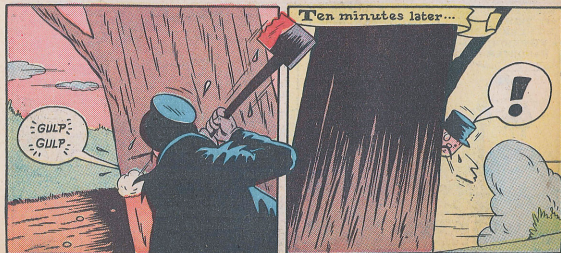
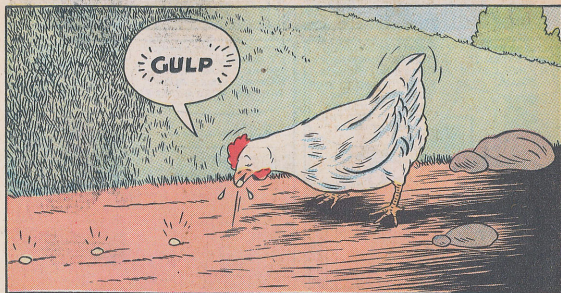
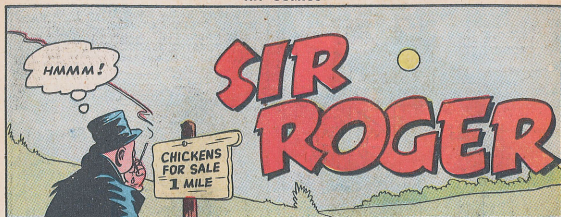


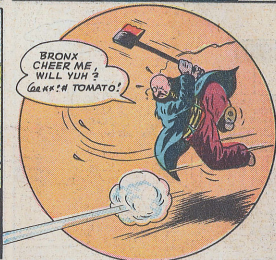
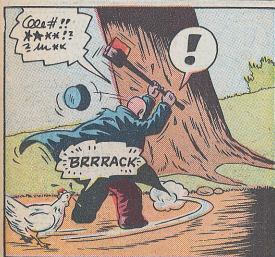
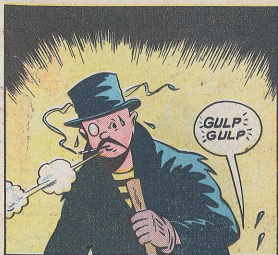
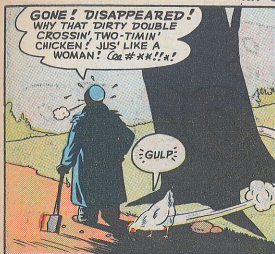
Later...

I STILL DIDN'T GET A SHAVE... BUT I THINK A BEARD IS DISTINGUISHED! I LOOK KIND OF LIKE KING HENRY THE EIGHTH...OR MAYBE ROBERT E. LEE...

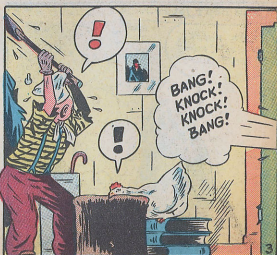
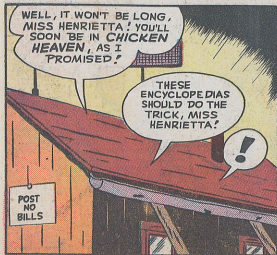
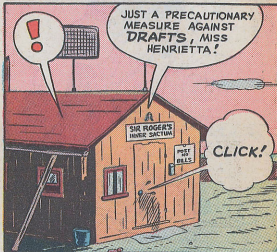
OH, I DON'T KNOW, LARRY! I'VE SEEN BETTER BEARDS ON THE BEARDED LADY!

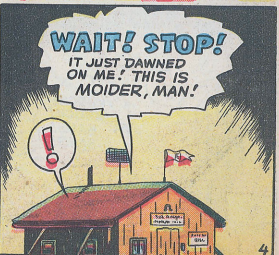
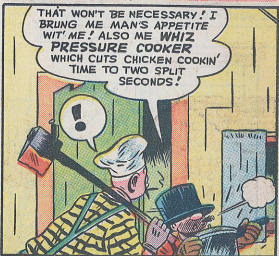
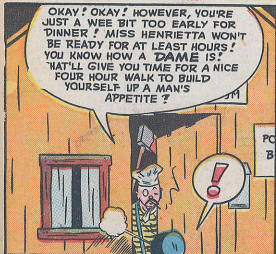
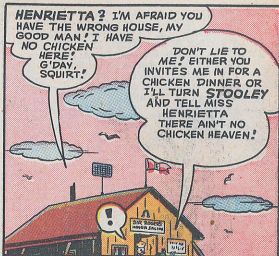






HIT COMICS



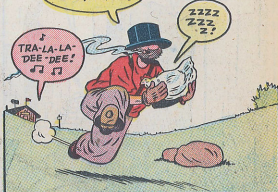


HIT COMICS

THIS SORTA T'ING HAS TO BE DONE LEGALLY, OL' MAN! I GOT A VERY GOOD FRIEND WHO HAS A LICENSE FOR THIS HATCHET BUSINESS, SO, WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL TAKE MISS HENRIETTA THERE WHERE SHE'LL BE HANDLED IN A LAWFUL MANNER! IN THAT WAY WE'LL BOTH BE FREE OF A MURDER CHARGE!



HA, HA! WOTTA SUCKER! IT'S A GOOD T'ING I'M TALENTED WITH A GIFT OF GAB! HO, HO, HO!



Twenty minutes later ...

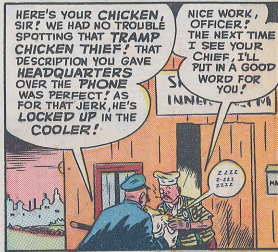
COMING!
♪♪♪!

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**



HERE'S YOUR CHICKEN, SIR! WE HAD NO TROUBLE SPOTTING THAT TRAMP CHICKEN THIEF! THAT DESCRIPTION YOU GAVE HEADQUARTERS OVER THE PHONE WAS PERFECT! AS FOR THAT JERK, HE'S LOCKED UP IN THE COOLER!

NICE WORK, OFFICER! THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOUR CHIEF, I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU!



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!
BANG!
BANG!**

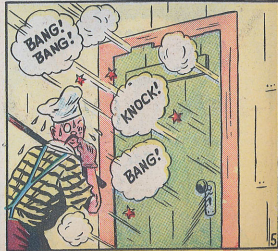
ZZZZ-
ZZZZ-
Z!



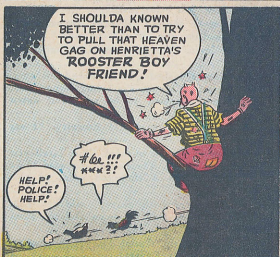
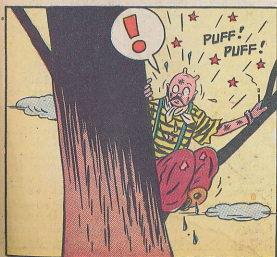
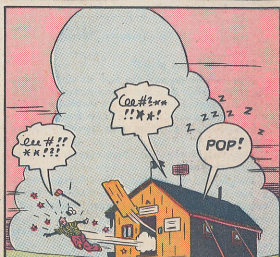
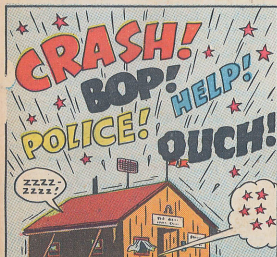
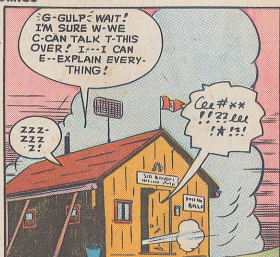
**BANG!
BANG!**

KNOCK!

BANG!



HIT COMICS



The FLOATING Island

THE cloud that Kid Eternity floated on was a very pink one. It was big and fleecy and it moved slowly with a gentle wind. Kid Eternity was at peace.

On a slightly lower level, his old friend Mr. Keeper also reclined on a floating cloud. It was a cloud of slightly darker shade. Mr. Keeper lay quiet, sound asleep. His gentle snores reached Kid Eternity's ears.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and the world seemed to be tranquil.

"So I might as well catch a few winks," said Kid Eternity to himself, and settled deeper into his cozy position.

Zip—zip—zip!

"Hm," mused Kid Eternity. "Bees."

Zip!

"Hey, that was close!"

Two more zips, and the Kid sat up, rubbing his eyes. A huge bird was flying just above him, its wings spread like those of a plane. Kid Eternity saw an arrow sticking in its feathers. The bird seemed to be having some trouble with one wing.

"Say," said the Kid, "someone is shooting at that condor!"

He glanced down. They were floating above a small island, tree covered. On the beach were a group of dark-skinned natives. All had bows and long spears.

The condor was falling a bit, one wing now almost useless.

"Mr. Keeper!" shouted Kid Eternity. "Wake up. Look what's below us!"

Mr. Keeper snorted, grunted, turned over, and blinked one eye. "Huh?" he said.

"Look down." The Kid pointed. "What island is that?"

Mr. Keeper looked down, rubbed his eyes, and then said, "Maybe I'm seeing things, Kid. There's not supposed to be an island down there, for a fact!"

"But there is," said Kid Eternity. "I see it, too."

Mr. Keeper looked puzzled. "But I tell you something's wrong. There's not supposed to be an island within a thousand miles of this spot!"

"Maybe we're both crazy," said the Kid. "Well, come on, let's go down and see what it's all about."

The Kid got up, flexing his young muscles. He grinned at Mr. Keeper.

"Well, if I must," sighed the ancient one. He too crawled to his feet, grunting and muttering.

The Kid said, "Here we go!" and plunged over the cloud side.

Skimming down through the clear air, he got a glimpse of Mr. Keeper floundering after him. He grinned to himself. Mr. Keeper didn't like to be bothered during his afternoon siestas. This would irk him no little.

Kid Eternity landed on the sandy beach and gazed at a remnant of the natives. The condor had fluttered down somewhere in the interior, and most of the natives had gone in search of it. Only a few remained on the beach; they of course couldn't see the two celestial visitors in their present guise.

"What do they look like, Keep?" asked the Kid.

"Trouble," snapped Mr. Keeper. "These island natives always mean trouble."

"But who are they?" demanded the Kid. "What island is this?"

Mr. Keeper shook his head. "That's what has me in a quandary. I don't recognize either the natives or the island. I don't know where it came from."

The Kid nodded. "You mean it's one of those floating islands?"

"Could be."

Kid Eternity thought a moment. "Maybe I'd better become visible and see what it's all about."

Mr. Keeper was staring off across the water. Now he moistened one finger and held it up. "Fresh breeze," he said. "I have the sensation of floating—moving."

"You said it was a floating island," the Kid reminded him. "So I suppose we're floating."

"You don't understand," said Mr. Keeper. "If this island is actually floating through the water, it's a good chance that the natives on it have no food."

"I'll find out." Kid Eternity disappeared into the underbrush that came down to the beach. A hundred yards brought him to a little clearing. There lay the huge condor. Or what was left of it. A group of natives were tearing it to pieces and eating the flesh raw.

"So they are starving," he said to himself. "I wonder if they have water." At that moment one of the Polynesians rose and went to a tiny spring in the rocks. He dropped down on his knees and drank.

HIT COMICS

"Yes, I'll become visible," said the Kid. "Eternity!"

By saying the magic word, Kid Eternity instantly become a normal youth, plainly visible to all. He stood for a moment in the brush, watching the natives at their repast. It was revolting in a way, but they were certainly hungry. When had they eaten last? Who were they? These were questions the Kid meant to find out.

He strolled into view with his right hand raised in the universal gesture of friendship.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Kid Eternity!"

The natives leaped to their feet, grabbing bows and spears. They jabbered and gesticulated. The Kid walked on, came right up to them, smiling. He pointed to the remains of the bird, then to his mouth.

This they understood. One of them, the leader evidently, motioned for him to help himself. The Kid shook his head. He wished he could understand their jargon. Then he thought of something: by merely willing it, he could call people out of the past. He would call a Polynesian now. He said, "Eternity!"

There was a puff of smoke, and before the astonished eyes of the natives stood long-dead King Kamehameha of old Hawaii!

The natives fell flat forward, calling to the revered king. He smiled and held out his hands. Then he turned to Kid Eternity.

"I don't have to ask you have called me, O Kid Eternity," he said. "The reason is plain."

"Then you can help these people, King?" asked the Kid.

The ancient one shook his head sadly. "It is for the gods," he said. "I have but mortal powers, even though I too live in eternity. These people have been cut off from their main island by a great storm. This is evidently a coral atoll, cast adrift by a mighty wind."

"Can you tell me who they are, where they came from?" the Kid wanted to know.

King Kamehameha nodded. "That is easy. They are of the island of Mot Mot, of the Sandwich group. I'd say this tiny floating island they are now on is about a thousand miles from its home island. These people—they look like a hunting party—are doomed because there is no food here."

The Kid looked around. He saw Mr. Keeper standing at the edge of the bushes. He saw no canoe.

"There is but one thing to do to save them," he told the king. "I must call upon the wind to send them drifting back to their homeland . . . you tell them, O King, of my plans."

The old king relayed the message. Instantly the natives began smiling and nodding.

Kid Eternity once again said the magic word. The king vanished. He looked at the natives. Their faces had fallen. Again the Kid said "Eternity!"

And now a mighty whirl of wind centered in the clearing, twisting small bushes and even trees. Out of it stepped a giant figure—the North Wind!

"Ho!" boomed the figure. "So Kid Eternity calls the North Wind! What do you wish to have blown into space, O Kid?"

The Kid grinned. He knew the boastful North Wind well. He said, "I have only one wish, O Wind. I want this tiny isle gently blown back to its home island, far to the south. Gently I said! Will you do me this favor, O Wind—without any tricks?"

The North Wind guffawed loudly; then he became serious as he faced the Kid. "You have done me one or two favors, Kid," he said. "I'll repay you. Yes, I'll use my gentlest breath to waft this little isle back to its home. Watch!"

A soft wind began. The isle rocked slightly, then began moving. They were under way! Kid Eternity and Mr. Keeper smiled. "Come," said the Kid.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1932, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF HIT COMICS, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1947.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Publisher of the HIT COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date set out in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 2, 1932 and July 2, 1946 (section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old

Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 378 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stock holders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company own or hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1947.

LOUIS Z. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949)

BOB and SWAB

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, BOB? A GENUINE ANTIQUE! I PICKED IT UP FOR A SONG, AND IT'S GUARANTEED TO BE OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

OH, YEAH? IT MUST HAVE BEEN A SWAN SONG! YOUR ANTIQUE IS SO FRESH IT'S SPROUTING BRANCHES, SUCKER!

Bob Masters, marine, and Swab Decker, sailor, cut some frantic antics when they wax romantic over a phony antique!

THIS STUFF ABOUT A GAL IN EVERY PORT IS THE BUNK, SWABBIE!

QUIT BEEFING! WE HAVEN'T BEEN IN EVERY PORT!

HARD ASTERN AND REVERSE ENGINES! DIG THAT CARGO, BOB!

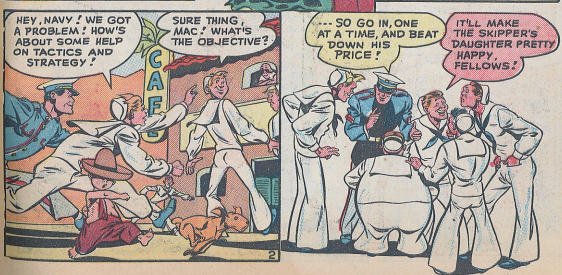
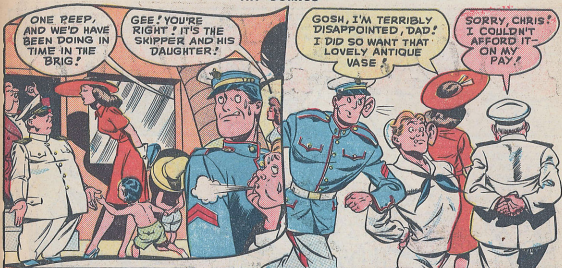
WHEW! THAT'S SUPER CARGO, SWABBIE, OLD BOY!

OH, YOO-HOO-- WH...? GLUB--UB--

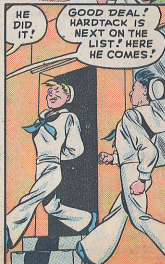
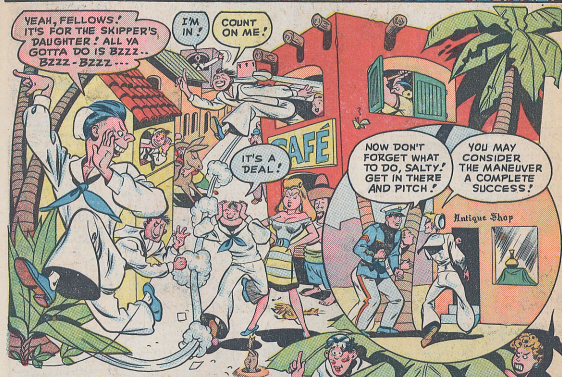
UHP! MUFFLE THE FO' HORN, SWAB! DANGER AHEAD!



HIT COMICS



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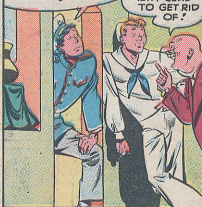


And so forth, until..

REET!
THE WHOLE
FLEET'S
BEEN
KNOCKIN'
HIS PRICE
DOWN!



SI, SI! I HAVE SOMETHING I AM VERY GLAD TO GET RID OF!



HMM?
DOESN'T
LOOK SO
HOT?
HOW
MUCH
DO
YOU
WANT?



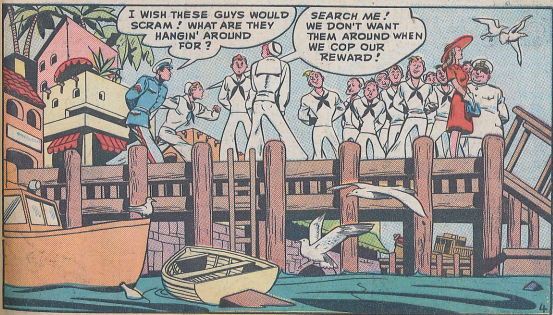
WELL, IT
LOOKS CRUMMY,
BUT WE'LL TAKE
IT!



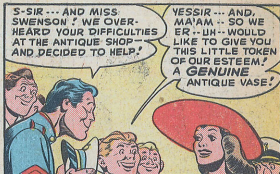
I CAN SEE THE SKIPPER'S
DAUGHTER WITH HER
EYES PROUD AND
SHINY WHEN WE
HAND HER THE
VASE!



SEARCH ME!
WE DON'T WANT
THEM AROUND WHEN
WE COP OUR
REWARD!

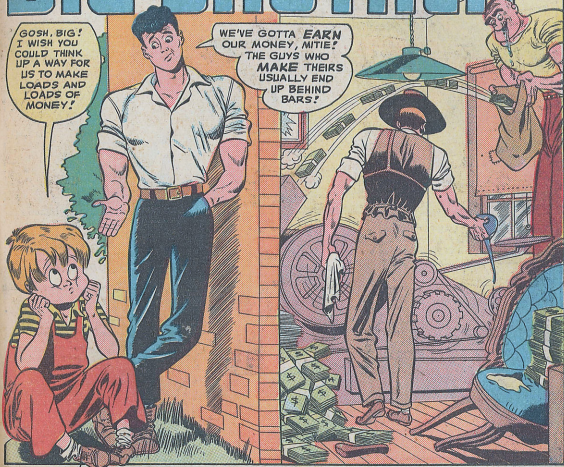


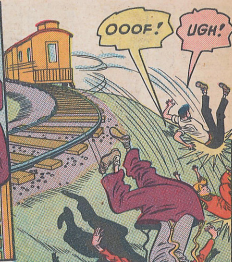
HIT COMICS



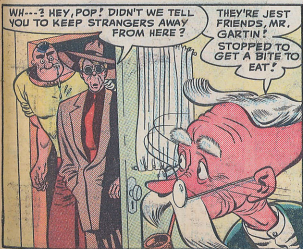
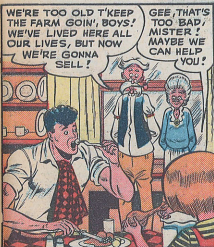
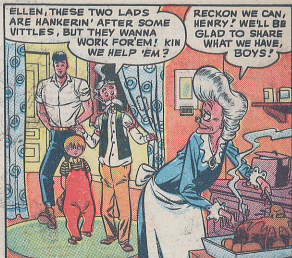
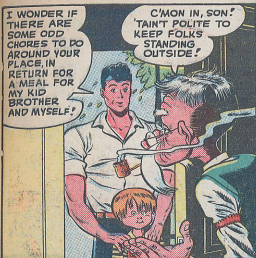
HIT COMICS

BIG BROTHER

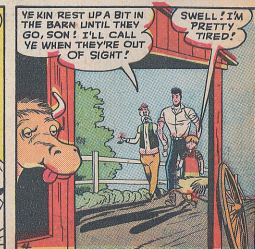
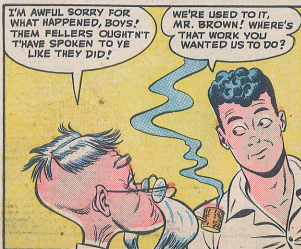
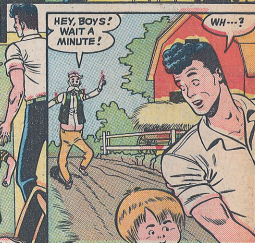
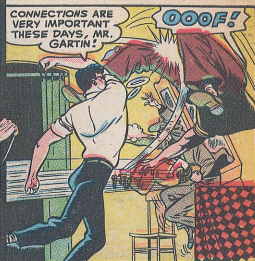




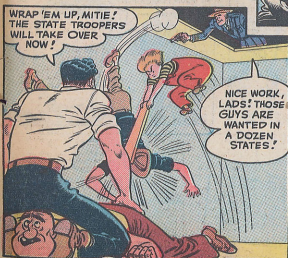
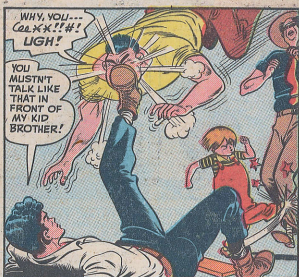
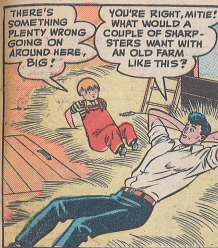
HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS



"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

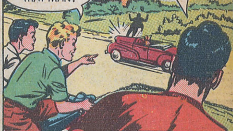
LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



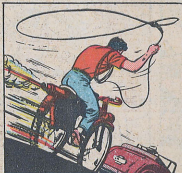
SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

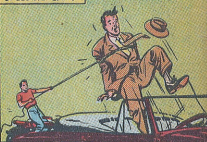
AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN... JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER" SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING

AND FAST BIKING. OFFICER THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME" SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT SECOND STOPS. MAXIMUM MILEAGE. SURE TRACTION. PERFECT CONTROL NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH IT'S SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.



U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

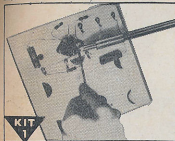


UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science



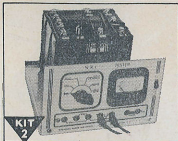
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



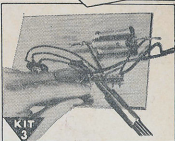
KIT 1

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



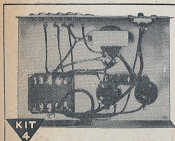
KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



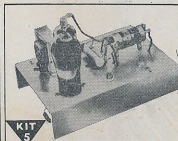
KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



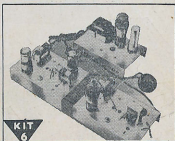
KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8EAS, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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